UPPERCUTS AND SIDESTEPS.

A BUNCH OF RAPS AT THE BOXERS.

JIM JEFFRIES has avoided a possible match with Fitzsimmons and Sharkey. It was just what was expected. Jeff is to start on the road very shortly with his company and it would hardly serve the big fellow to take a chance of being beaten. It has been really pitiable to see this champion begging for a match. It has served as a good press notice for him, but a much better notice might be given did he agree to take a chance.

Tradition has shown the loser of these big heavy-weight contests to have more of a chance on the road than a champion, so after all he probably would have lost little.

* * *

And if Jeff doesn't defend his title before Sept. 1, says Bob Fitzsimmons, if he defeats Sharkey he will claim the title of champion of the world. Everybody thinks Bob will stand for such a course, but where is the self-declared champion who has prospered?

When Bob held the title many others among the heavies thought they were entitled to the credit of champion because Bob wasn't stuck on defending the name. Bob will have to win it with his fists this time, even though it takes him a year.

* * *

These heavy-feather-weights have just fired Sam Harris, Terry McGovern's manager, with all the fire of madness. He would like to call their bluffs, but there are those theatrical engagements which would cost him more money than he could make beating the entire outfit. Herford's challenge for Gans, with the money up, was too much for Sam and he tried hard to cancel an Albany engagement to meet the colored man that Terry might have a chance of fighting him and walloping him into a state of speechlessness.

Every one appreciates the fighting instinct of Terry, but Sam might be tempting Dame Fate in allowing Terry to meet those big uns at his age. However, no one thinks Herford means anything. It is just an advertising scheme for Gans.

* * *

The real reason why many of the fighters are leaving Bath Beach has leaked out. It is not the fear of an existing hoodoo that has caused them to take the course they are pursuing, but nothing other than a man with bills. That man is Owen Zeigler, fighter himself, but in the hot months bath house and gymnasium keeper. In the latter capacity he has served many an ambitious pug and when it came time for them to settle they were shy. Owen says many things against these men and nothing can be figured other than that it's hard to be a fighter from Bath Beach.

* * *

These same things have driven Zeigler to the depths of despair. The chilly days of Lewis times are fast approaching and a room on the beach is not profitable in Winter. The truth of it is Owen wants to fight. A championship is what he is after, and if Rube Ferns will but say the word he can have a match.

The salt air has been serving a sort of dram substance for Zeigler and this is the way he figures he can beat Ferns: "Charley McKeever could get Ferns whenever he wanted him and I could do McKeever." Owen evidently forgets a little seven-round argument at Coney Island some months ago.

* * *

There were a couple of men in Corbett's quarters yesterday taking notes at random. They weren't reporters, but judging from appearances they came all the way from Saratoga. Crafty Jim was on and he only did enough to please the ladies.

* * *

Fighters are supposed to be men of nerve. Well, in some things they are, but did you ever see them at a ringside? They'll fight ten battles at once, and when the last blow has been struck by the fighters in the ring they are as near out as the loser. Right hooks, left swings and every other blow they give an imaginary foe, and no doubt the thought envelops their brain that they would do things if they were only there. Well, maybe they would, but those same ringside fighters are the easiest ever when they are in the job.

* * *

Poor little George Munroe is up against it, sure! Floating ribs and dislocated shoulders are his chief ill now. His dark hair is fast turning white, although he is just turned twenty-one, and at Bath Beach many speculate as to whether he or John Lawson, the "Terrible Swede," aged forty-eight, is the elder. Munroe is entitled to the sympathy this time.

* * *

To The Knocker:

Why was it that O'Rourke and Sharkey permitted Bob Armstrong, who has trained the Sailor and knows all his tricks, to go and help Fitzsimmons when he was training for his fight with Ruhlin? Doesn't it look queer?

JOHN J. REISLER,
The Fighting Barber.

O'Rourke and Sharkey better know the motive of their ways, but Armstrong is going to stay with Fitz. If anything extraordinary occurs it will hardly be known until the evening of Aug. 24.

THE KNOCKER.

RESULTS AT HARLEM.

RACE TRACK, HARLEM, Aug. 17.—The races scheduled to be run here to-day resulted as follows:

First Race—Six furlongs.—Won by Hampshire; Hanswurst was second, both coupled in the betting, which was 9 to 5 and 3 to 5; Poynts third. Time—1.18.

Second Race—Three-quarters of a mile.—Won by Irish Jewel, 4 to 1 and 1 to 2; Otahma, 4 to 1 for place, second; Tildy Ann, third. Time—1.23 3-4.

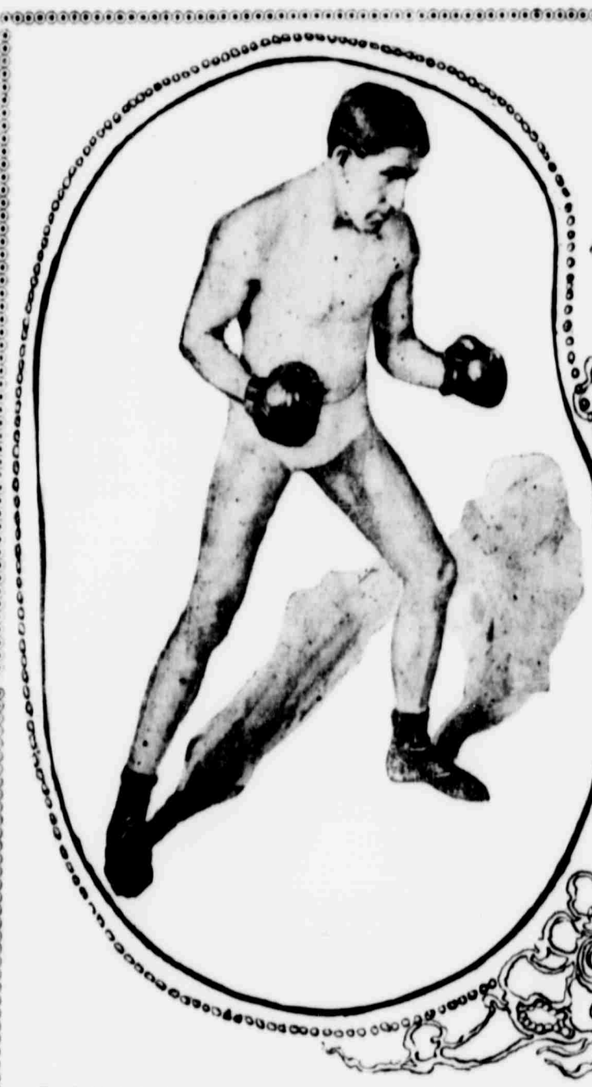
WHAT A WOMAN THINKS ABOUT CORBETT THE BOXER

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING WORLD BY POLLY HAZELL.

Polly Hazell, the Monologist, Sees the Pugilist Train at His Ladies' Day Matinee.

She Says Ex-Champion Perspires Too Freely and Becomes Tired Much Too Easily.

POLLY HAZELL.



Corbett watches his opponent's feet and is ready to duck and punch with either hand at any lead.

He protects his jaw and body while in close.

He feints the other fellow into a foolish lead.

SOME STRATEGIC MOVES USED BY CORBETT.

Polly Hazell, who has been summering at Bath Beach, saw Jim Corbett in training at his ladies' day matinee yesterday. She was much impressed by the big fellow and tells for The Evening World what she thinks of him and pugilism in general. Miss Hazell is a clever monologist and is very well known in the theatrical profession.

There is nothing more interesting to women than perfect, physical manhood. Never mind what women say, they admire the athlete even if the athlete happens to be a pugilist. This is especially true in the case of James J. Corbett.

When I came to Avon Villa and learned that Mr. Corbett was there to train, I determined to see him. I asked several times, but was refused admittance to the quarters. Nor was I the only woman. Men wanted to bring their wives, girls wished to see him, widows were interested, and old, old ladies who looked upon him as a boy wanted to see him train.

Yesterday, for the first time, I saw Mr. Corbett work. The gymnasium was crowded with women. There were a lot of giddy hysterical girls in one corner; calm, self-possessed widows clustered together here and there, and staid married women galore. And there were boys with popping eyes and men who looked on with the gambler's instinct.

MR. CORBETT APPEARS.

As Mr. Corbett came forth from his dressing room arrayed in white knee tights, pink boxing shirt and blue stockings, there was a chorus of "Ahs." The girls giggled, the widows looked shyly from under their lashes, the staid married women gazed with a frapped stare.

It began.

A bag covered with leather, which resembled a pear of gigantic proportions more than anything else, hung from a board. Mr. Corbett nonchalantly pulled on a pair of small gloves and tapped the bag. It bounded to the board and back to his hand. Then he went to work. With one hand and then the other he met it with furious speed until it seemed to grumble its complainings. The speed and accuracy with which every blow was delivered bewildered and confused me.

HE PERSPIRES TOO FREELY.

The accuracy of each blow and the changing from one hand to the other were clever in the extreme. The athlete never seemed to slacken his pace or breath until the call of "time" again. Then the strolling walk until the same word brought him back to the work again. He seemed to me to perspire too freely and too quickly, but as I am told that three minutes' continual punching is considerable of an effort I may be mistaken in this criticism.

And then came what we had all come to see—the boxing. A tall, slender youth, who could not have weighed within fifty pounds of Corbett, came forth from the dressing-room arrayed in tights of the greenest—Hibernian green. Again the call of time, and they were boxing.

I know nothing of the points of boxing or the science, therefore my criticisms will be futile. But to me it seemed that a man as big as Corbett should have knocked the man in green senseless. But he did not. Perhaps that is not the game in training. At any rate it was interesting.

The men made curious blows, followed by rushes that were all a blinding flash. I could only see one thing distinctly, and that was that the glove never reached Mr. Corbett, while the man in green was constantly having a glove in his face. It was all graceful, far from brutal, and interesting to a degree of fascination. I can now readily understand why men like to see fights.

HE FIGHTS A STOUT MAN.

Then came a huge, stout man, who ran at Corbett as if to annihilate him. It was then that I began to understand the meaning of the word cleverness. Corbett was never where he was expected to be when the blow fell. He danced about and always had one hand into the other man's face or body, while the women sat in nervous expectancy. The heavy man struck as if to do considerable damage, and it grew exciting. Suddenly Corbett closed with him and played a tattoo on his body. The heavier man tried to get away. He clung to Mr. Corbett and in every way tried to protect himself. But he couldn't. Mr. Corbett's expression had changed and he seemed for a moment to be too vicious. Perhaps the heavier man had struck him, although I did not see it, and Corbett was angry. At any rate, he fought madly (while I held my breath) until the big fellow fell on the mat. The other men around helped the big man up and he was soon all right again.

It seemed to me that Corbett tired too quickly, and that he looked exhausted from the effort. He smiled genially and said something in jest, but back of the effort it seemed to me he was very tired.

Later he wrestled, and with a writhing strength that kept me fascinated. For no less than ten minutes he struggled before he got his opponent to his back. It was scientific, no doubt, but the boxing was what interested us, and I will candidly admit that if the Madison Square Garden management will allow it I will pay my way to see him fight McCoy.

POLLY HAZELL.

AFTER OUR ICE MAYOR.

Gov. Roosevelt Says the Charges Need Urgent Attention.

"I have asked Attorney-General Davies if he has received an answer to the Ice Trust charges from Mayor Van Wyck," said Gov. Roosevelt this morning.

"You know those charges are very severe and serious, and I want to see Mr. Davies, to ascertain whether to appoint a commission before I go West.

"The Ice case seems to be a very serious matter and needs urgent attention."

Gov. Roosevelt came to this city from Oyster Bay at 9.15 this morning. He saw his physician, on Madison avenue, and then held a long conference with Senator Hanna, Senator Scott and Cornelius N. Bliss over his itinerary. On being asked about the Gardiner case, the Governor said:

"I wrote to Attorney-General Davies asking him to let me know when he would have the hearing before me and to name some day next week. As soon as I hear from him all parties will be notified. I have written to the other parties about the matter of being present, but have received no answer.

Gov. Roosevelt refused to talk about the Coler boom or about the anti-Imperialists declaring for Bryan. He said he was too busy thinking of his own affairs.

BIG DISTILLERS IN HOT WATER.

Application for the Dissolution of a $125,000,000 Company.

Application was made to-day to the Court of Chancery at Trenton, N. J., for the dissolution of the Distilleries Company of America, which is incorporated under the law of New Jersey with a capitalization of $125,000,000.

The application is made on behalf of Henry I. Dittman and Kalinan Hass, of New York, who are stockholders of the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company.

The latter company is one of four absorbed by the Distilleries Company of America, and itself controls a large number of smaller concerns.

They claim they are acting for themselves and others, and maintain that the management of the Distilleries Company of America is inimical to the interests of the Kentucky company.

RIGBY RIDES WINNERS.

Another American Jockey Gets Fame in Chunks in England.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—At the first day's racing of the Windsor August Meeting to-day the Manor Maiden Plate, for three-year-olds and upward, one mile, was won by Capresi, ridden by Rigby.

The Castle High-Weight Handicap, one mile and a half, was won by Robble Burns, also ridden by Rigby.

The Club Two-Year-Old Plate, for three-year-olds and upward, five furlongs, was won by Minnie Dee, Rigby having the mount again.

The Club Two-Year-Old Plate, for three-year-olds and upwards, five furlongs, was won by Minnie Dee, on which L. Rieff had the mount.

SARATOGA ENTRIES.

RACE TRACK, SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—The entries for to-morrow's races on this track are as follows:

First Race—For maiden two-year-old fillies, which have run at this meeting; five and a half furlongs.

The Jade	112	Infallible	112
Luck	112	Queen's Lady	112
Jile Greenwood	112	Scotch Bush	112
King's Favorite	112	Anna	112
Philina Paxton	112	Amorita	112

Second Race—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward; seven furlongs.

High Jinks	128	Mordelmo	113
Specific	124	Trillo	123
Charawind	116	Queen Louise	123
Rochester	116	Bicor	119
Harry McCoppin	124	Rinaldo	116
Koenig	125	Tourney	116
Olive Mae	128	Gala Day	125

Third Race—Handicap for three-year-olds and upward; mile and three-sixteenths.

Intrusive	120	Compensation	114
Kt. of the Garter	113	David Garrick	110
Favonius	110	First Whip	106
King Bramble	102	Gonfalon	100
Lord Baltimore	99	Rafford	94

Fourth Race—For two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Quiz II	104	George Gardner	107
Visor	104	Boomerack	104
Waterplant	101	Prima II	104
Edgefield	110	Goddess of Night	101
Tuskarosa	107	Cherished	101
Snark	101	Hy Lo	104
Farmer Bennett	113	Annu	104
Miss Daniels	96		

Fifth Race—Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap for four-year-olds and up; full course about two and a half miles.

The Bachelor	163	Trillion	149
George Keene	142	Tulane	138
Cousin Jess	134		

Medical.

OLD DR. GRINDLE,
GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (MEDICAL DEPARTMENT); 25 years a specialist in Diseases of Men. Under OLD DR. GRINDLE'S scientific system of treatment, blood and skin diseases, pain in the bones, red spots, sore throat and mouth, ulcers, painful swellings, kidney and bladder complaint, scalding, inflammation, gravel, weak, undeveloped organs, weak back, permanently cured. Men about to marry, likewise those having impediments, should go to DR. GRINDLE'S old established office, over 15 years at 171 West 12th St., between 6th and 7th aves. Sufferers, do not waste time consulting less skilled physicians. Remember, OLD DR. GRINDLE has a record for marvellous cures. Advice free. Medicine, $1. Hours, 9 to 8. Sundays, 9 to 2.

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45 years a specialist in diseases of men only; quickest permanent cure guaranteed. Blood, skin, kidney and bladder trouble; weakness, nervous debility, bad dreams, weak, undeveloped organs; impediments to marriage. Consult OLD DR. GREY first; he is the oldest established, the longest in practice of any specialist in this city. Office over 35 years at 120 East 17th st., near Union Square. Hours, 9 to 9; Sundays, 9 to 2. Scientific treatment. Advice free. Medicine only 50c.

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WINNERS AT SARATOGA.

Slow Track and Only a Card of Purses for Cheap Horses.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—Only an ordinary card was put before the public this afternoon, yet the attendance was fully up to the average.

It is very probable that the average Summer visitors at Saratoga would go to the course even if a lot of goats were scheduled to race.

The track was slow and heavy again, and fast time was out of the question. There were no events of special interest on the card, it being an off-day, and the races were all purse affairs for cheap horses.

FIRST RACE.

For maiden three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs.

Starters, weights, jockeys.	St.	1/2	Str.	Fin.	Betting.	Str. Place.
Doubt, 107, Spencer	3	1½	1½	1½	3-5	1-2
Draughtsman, 116, Doggett	1	2½	2½	2½	3	1
Lord Quoits, 107, Mitchell	7	4	3½	3	8-5	3-5
Sir Ex, 110, Medley	11	3½	4	4	5	2
Vesper Bells, 105, O'Leary	2	5	5	5	100	4
Palemate, 116, Clawson	5	6	6	6	30	6
Mediolanum, 110, Burns	4	7	7	7	5	5
Prince King, 110, Hothersall	6	8	8	8	100	40
Don Reyes, 107, Glover	9	10	9	9	10	10
Skylicht, 114, Weddenstrom	2	9	10	10	30	20
Centrifugal, 114, Kinney	8	11	11	11	100	40

Start poor. Won easily. Time—1.19¾.

Douro was a warm favorite in the first race and he won. He was sent away flying, and was never caught, winning very easily by two lengths from Draughtsman, who was second all the way. Lord Ogleby, who was treated to a gentle canter by Mitchell, was third, three lengths away.

SECOND RACE.

For two-year-olds, five furlongs.

Starters, white, jockeys.	St.	1/2	Str.	Fin.	Betting.	Str. Place.
McAddie, 107, Burns	2	2½	1½	1	1-3	—
Likeness, 104, Mitchell	3	1½	2½	2½	15	5-2
La Vallière, 95, O. Thompson	4	3½	3½	3	40	5
Hand View, 98, A. Hewitt	5	6	4	4	200	40
Piederich, 105, Turner	6	5	5	5	1	1-2
Erdenia, 95, Weiderstrand	1	4	6	6	80	15
Gold Theft, 98, Brennan	7	7	7	7	200	40

Start good. Won easily. Time—1.06.

McAddie was the legitimate favorite, but there was a big play on Piederich, who closed a strong second choice. McAddie jumped away in front and raced with Likeness to the stretch, La Vallière a couple of lengths away. McAddie then cut loose and drew away, winning easily by two lengths from Likeness, who was a length in front of La Vallière. Piederich had hard luck throughout. He was away badly, and at the head of the stretch Kadenia boited and carried him out.

THIRD RACE.

For three-year-olds, six furlongs.

Starters, weights, jockeys.	St.	1/2	Str.	Fin.	Betting.	Str. Place.
Elsie Barnes, 92, Hauch	5	2½	1½	1	3	2
Dollie Wethoff, 95, Weed	1	1½	2½	9-10	2	1
Crossmolina, 101, O'Connor	6	3	3	3	8-5	3
The Bee, Rose, 102, Hide	3	5	4	4	50	6
Castle, 92, Dougman	7	7	5	5	60	10
Sport, 92, Jones	4	3½	6	6	5	5-2
Village Belle, 102, Burns	3	4	7	7	6	7

Start fast. Won driving. Time—1.19¾.

Dollie Wethoff was a hot favorite, quoted at odds on the field. So little were the others thought of that the second choice, Crossmolina, was quoted at 5 to 1. Dollie Wethoff went away like a winner and sailed to the front as if she would romp home. She led to the stretch, a length and a half in front of Elsie Barnes, who was the same distance in front of Sours. When they straightened away Elsie Barnes gradually closed on the leader and reaching her in the last sixteth drew away and won by a length. Dollie Wethoff was four lengths in front of Crossmolina.

FOURTH RACE.

Handicap, for three-year-olds and up; mile and sixteen-five yards.

Starters, weights, jockeys.	St.	1/2	Str.	Fin.	Betting.	Str. Place.
Bannockburn, 126, Spencer	3	1½	1½	9-20	1-2	—
Elmo, 99, O'Connor	1	2	2½	2½	7-5	7-5
Alcke, 108, Brennan	2	3½	3	3	3	1-2

Start good. Won easily. Time—1.53¾.

Bannockburn galloped home to another easy victory in the fourth race. Spencer rode him to-day and he just laid alongside of Elmo and Alcke to the head of the stretch, when he came away without an effort, winning in a gallop by five lengths. Elmo was an easy second, two lengths in front of Alcke.

FIFTH RACE.

Selling; for three-year-olds and up; mile and a sixteenth.

Starters, weights, jockeys.	St.	1/2	Str.	Fin.	Betting.	Str. Place.
Trillo, 108, Mitchell	2	1½	1½	1½	8-5	7-10
Sparrow Wing, 91, Thomas	1	2	2½	2	3	1
Villa V., 103, Burns	5	3½	3½	3	4	8-5
Myth, 105, Weiland	4	5	4	4	5	5-2
Exit, 102, O'Connor	3	4	5	5	7	7-5

Start good. Won easily. Time—1.55 3-4.

Trillo was a hot favorite and had no difficulty in beating the poor class field opposed to him. He took the lead at flag fall and was never headed, winning as he pleased by two lengths from Sparrow Wing, who was second all the way. Villa V., third all the way, was beaten a scant length for the place.

GOOSE EGGS POOR DIET.

Pirates Were Athirst for Something Better from Grooms.

EXPOSITION PARK, PITTSBURG, Aug. 17.—The leaders in the National League pennant contest had a fine day for the game. Barring that smoke which has become a part of Pittsburg atmosphere from long endurance, the firmament hereabouts was clear.

The champions having won the first battle in a one-sided fashion, there were cries for vengeance to-day. Sam Leever or young Chesbro were the local twirlers held in reserve for to-day, and Clarke wanted to see both men warm up before making a selection.

Leever was batted out of the box the last time Hanlon reached the Smoky City with his tribe of skilled baseballists.

Kitson, the Brooklyn twirler who is batted out whenever he undertakes to essay the role of boxman at home, but can always be depended upon to do good work on the road, was booked for the visitors' slab service.

He pitched winning games at both Chicago and St. Louis, and might not have been beaten at Cincinnati had not Phillippi shut out the champs.

Manager Hanlon raised his voice in denial of the many rumors concerning the future of the Brooklyn team. He said so far as he knew the champions, as they stand to-day, will be playing ball in Brooklyn next year.

He couldn't see how Kelley could be engaged to direct the fortunes of the Reds or Jennings to manage the Phillies next year without his having something to say in the negotiations.

The Batting Order.

Brooklyn.	Pittsburg.
Jones, cf.	Beaumont, cf.
Keeler, rf.	Clarke, lf.
Jennings, 1b.	O'Brien, 1b.
Kelley, lf.	Wagner, rf.
Dahlen, ss.	Williams, 3b.
Cross, 3b.	Ritchey, 2b.
Daly, 2b.	Schriver, c.
McGuire, c.	Ely, ss.
Kitson, p.	Leever, p.

Umpire—Mr. O'Day.

First Inning.

Jones let two good ones pass and fanned at a third. Wagner found Keeler's boot, a cinch. Jennings chopped one down to Ely and died at first. No runs.

Four balls let Beaumont amble. Clarke chopped a single over second and Beaumont third. Clarke took second on Jones' futile throw to Cross. O'Brien doubled, scoring Beaumont and Clarke. Wagner sent O'Brien home with a single. Kelley squeezed Williams's drive and Wagner took second. Daly threw Ritchey out, and the big German went to third. Daly fumbled Schriver's welt and Wagner scored. Ely died on a grounder to Jennings. Four runs.

Second Inning.

Williams got under Kelley's rocket. Dahlen fouled out to Schriver. Cross perished on a grand assist by Williams. No runs.

Leever made three bases on Jones's misjudgment. Dahlen didn't have to move to get Beaumont's lift. McGuire caught Clarke's high foul. O'Brien scored one into Keeler's reach. No runs.

Third Inning.

Daly sent a liner straight into Williams's glove. McGuire couldn't connect with Leever's style. Kitson had the same trouble. No runs.

Wagner singled past Cross. Dahlen carried Williams's welt to second in time to force Wagner and completed a double play by a throw to Jennings. Dahlen also threw out Ritchey. No runs.

Fourth Inning.

Jones was retired by the fast assist of Ritchey. Keeler cracked a single to centre, the first Brooklyn secured. Ritchey threw out Jennings by a fast play. Kelley perished on a grounder to Ely. No runs.

Schriver died on a grounder to Daly. Cross threw Ely out. Leever singled to left. Jennings carried Beaumont's splash to first ahead of the runner. No runs.

Fifth Inning.

Dahlen flied to Clarke. Cross beat out a hot one to Williams. Ely threw out Daly. McGuire [illegible] to Beaumont. No runs.

Clarke flied to Keeler. O'Brien chopped past Cross for two bases. Cross threw out Wagner. McGuire made a great catch of Williams's low foul. No runs.

Sixth Inning.

Kitson singled. A wild pitch sent him to third. Jones fouled to Williams. Keeler beat a slow one to Ritchey and Kitson scored. Williams threw out Kelley. One run.

Ritchey died, Jennings to Kitson. Schriver flied to Cross. Daly fumbled Ely's grounder, giving the shortstop a life. Leever singled to centre and Ely came home on Jones's fumble. Daly threw out Beaumont. One run.

Seventh Inning.

Williams threw Dahlen out. Cross doubled over third. Daly singled, scoring Cross. McGuire singled. Schriver threw Kitson out. Williams threw out Jones. One run.

Clarke flied to Keeler. O'Brien flied to Kelley. Dahlen got under Wagner's boost. No runs.

RAINBOW LEADS SEVENTIES

Cracks Race in First of Second Series for the Newport Cup.

NEWPORT, Aug. 17.—The four crack 70-foot yachts—Cornelius Vanderbilt's Rainbow, W. K. Vanderbilt, jr.'s Virginia, August Belmont's Mineola and the Yankee, jointly owned by Harry Payne Whitney and Herman Duryea—started this morning in the first of five races of the second series for the $1,000 cup offered by the Newport Yachting Association.

The yachts passed out by Castle Hill at 11.10, Mineola in the lead.

The weather was clear with a fresh breeze from the southward.

The boats crossed the line in the following order and official time:

Rainbow, 11.40.21; Mineola, 11.40.28; Yankee, 11.42.37; Virginia, 11.43.00.

Rainbow crossed at the lee end of the line, all being on the starboard tack with No. 2 jib topsails set. Mineola had an overlap on Rainbow's weather quarter, and Yankee an overlap on the Mineola.

Herman Duryea, finding Virginia far astern, wore Yankee around, went back across the line and recrossed it, just a length to windward of Virginia.

The course was a triangular one of fifteen miles, sailed twice over. Just before reaching the first mark the wind fell light and canted to the eastward.

They rounded the mark as follows: Rainbow, 12.02.00; Mineola, 12.03.10; Yankee, 12.04.00; Virginia, 12.05.15.

ENGLISH CRACKS AT NETS.

Black and Gore Play Pretty Tennis for Newport Spectators.

NEWPORT, Aug. 17.—The third round in the tennis tournament here was begun this morning under favorable conditions.

The eight men who had stood through the early matches were paired as follows:

Davis and Wright, Larned and Chase, R. D. Wrenn and G. L. Wrenn, jr., and Black and Gore. The last named pair were placed on the championship court. The honor was given to them as visitors.

The two Englishmen played the game that has characterized them since they have been in this country, hard drives from the back court.

The first set went to Gore without difficulty, 6-0. In the second Gore took the set, 7-5.

Gore beat Black, 6—0, 7—5, 6—0.

The match between the Wrenn brothers was more interesting, because more varied. G. L. Wrenn, jr., beat R. D. Wrenn, 6—4, 6—1, 6—4.

W. A. Larned beat M. G. Chace, 6-2, 6-1, 4-6, 6-0.

E. C. Wright beat D. F. Davis, 4—6, 4—6, 8—6, 6—3, 6—2.

FINISHES AT ST. LOUIS.

RACE TRACK, ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—The races scheduled to be run here to-day resulted as follows:

First Race—Six furlongs.—Won by Miss Bramble, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Medlesome, 4 to 1 for place, second; Strathmore third. Time—1.15 1-4.

Second Race—One mile.—Won by Glen Lake, 13 to 10 and out; El Caney, out for place, second; Spring, third. Time—1.42 3-4.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 18, for New York City and vicinity:

Partly cloudy weather tonight and Saturday; cooler Saturday; light to fresh northerly winds.